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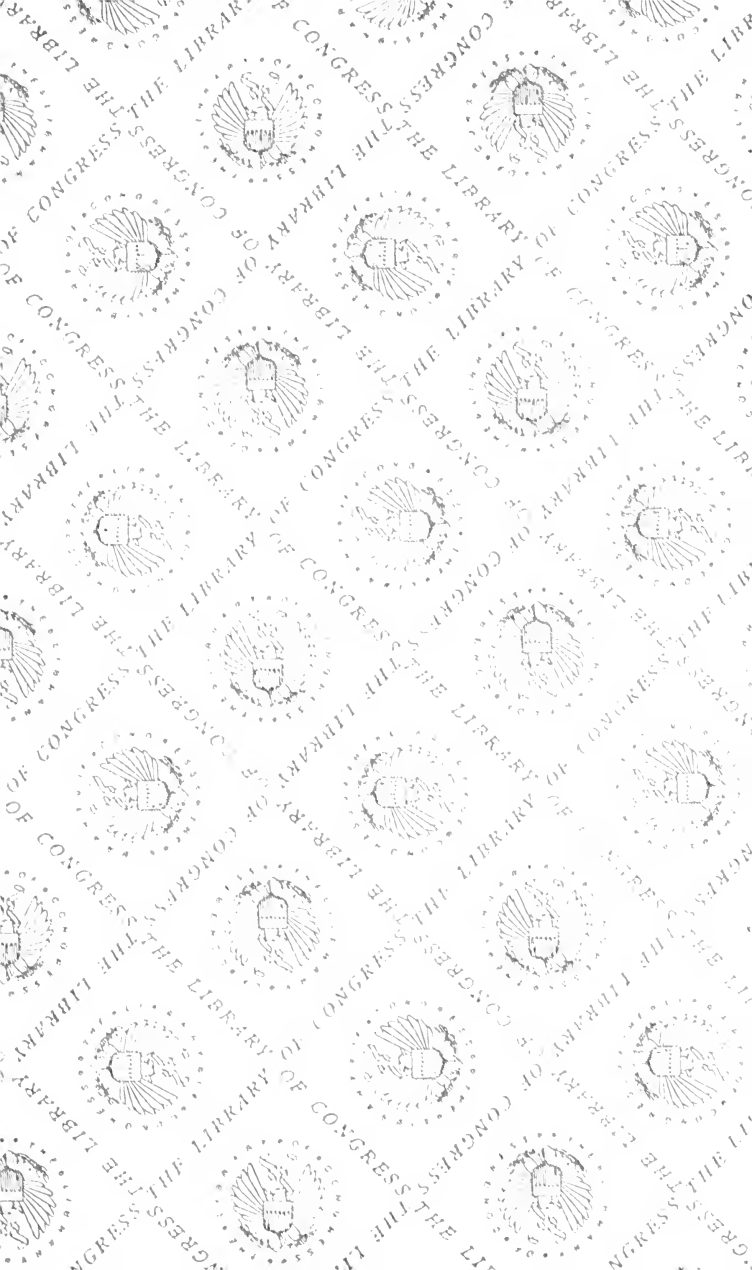
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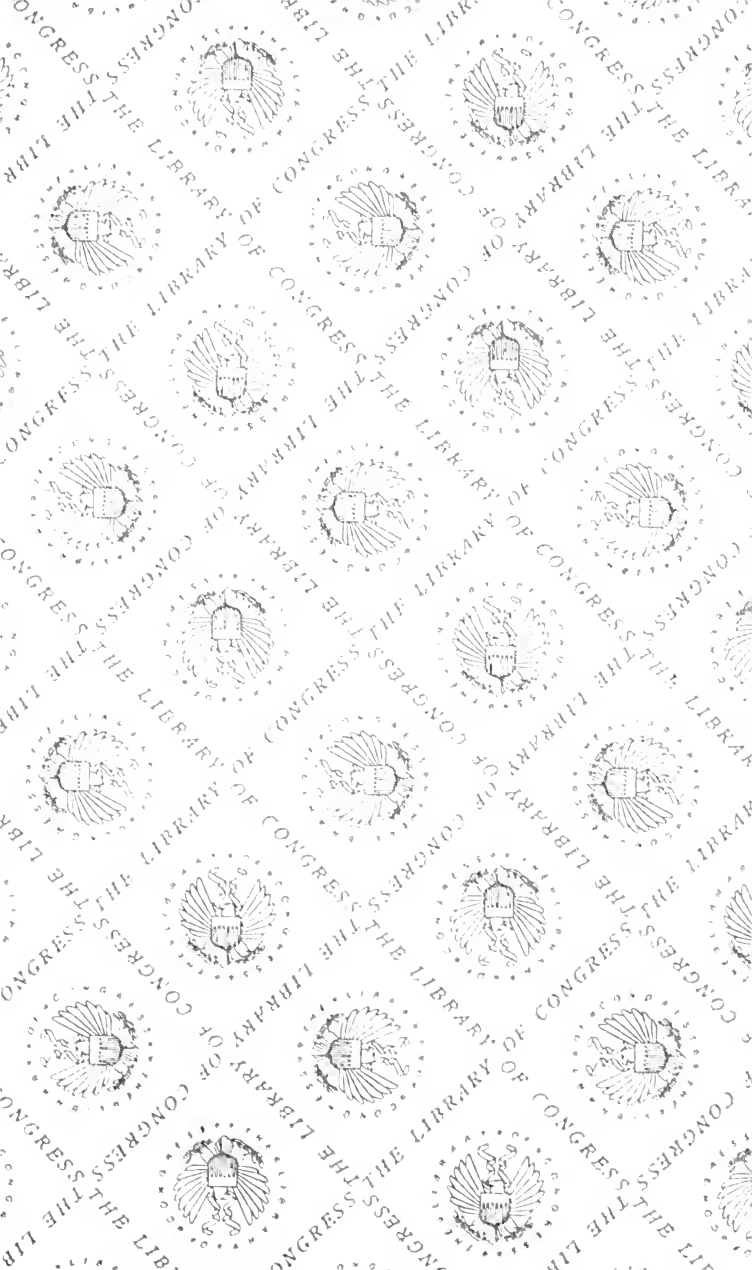
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## AUGURIES



# AUGURIES

By  
BASIL THOMPSON



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Certain of these Pieces have appeared in sundry Publications, but, for the most part, the Verses herein assembled are now presented for the first time.



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## AUGURIES



*"Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,  
And say!—'We are the masters of thy slave;  
What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine?'  
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,  
All singing loud: 'Love's very pain is sweet,  
But its reward is in the world divine,  
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.'  
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste  
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet  
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,  
And bid them love each other and be blest;  
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,  
And come and be my guest,—for I am Love's."*

**EPIPSYCHIDION.**





## AUGURIES

THESE, my callow rhymes, I tender  
In the way of one  
Who has caught the coming splendor  
Of the Morrow's sun,  
Who has felt a need to cast  
Back of him the ragged Past.

Oh, to be the Dawn-Attender,  
Be the Future's slave!  
Gladly, should I, gladly render  
All the poor Past gave,  
Might I so, the fitter, be  
Servant of Futurity!

## ITERATED

“**N**O Work is lost”—I heard Him say—  
“No work that’s wrought in sorrow;  
The weft you weave in tears today  
Shall be your wear tomorrow.”

## AWAKENING

**B**LIND have I been these many years,  
Blind that I could not see  
This wonder-world which now appears  
So plain to me.

Deaf was I that I could not hear,  
Dumb that I could not sing  
The song that fills both eye and ear  
This day of spring.

Thus carols Youth,  
In his newly strength,  
When he learns at length  
The Truth.

Life is a lilt today, it seems;  
Love is a light-foot thing,  
This world a bower-land of dreams  
Where blithe birds sing.

And, oh! I know that these are enough,  
Life and a ringing song,  
Singing birds and the blue above,  
And Love a-long!

Thus carols Youth,  
    In his newly strength,  
    When he learns at length  
The Truth.

## LYRIC

OH, the cut of the wind  
Of a wintry night!  
Oh, the breath of the dew  
In the early light!  
Oh, the face of a flower  
Away in the wood,  
And the face of a woman,  
To me are good!

Oh, the call of the horn  
From over the hill!  
Oh, the fret in the song  
Of the rivering rill!  
Oh, the murmur of music,  
The blue solitude,  
And the white of her bosom,  
To me are good!

Oh, the blood in my body,  
The beat in my breast,  
Cry for beauty and rapture  
And rhythmic unrest!

## THE ANSWER

**T**HAT, which your voice demands,  
That, will we gladly do;  
Our hearts, our heads, our hands,  
Our all, belong to you.

The World is red today,  
The blood within us red;  
Red is the lust to slay,  
And red the slaughtered dead.

The stretch of time is naught,  
And naught the span of man;  
That, which we do then ought,  
To be the best we can.

The best we can is all;  
The rest is waste and vain, ..  
No matter what befall,  
Be it for bliss or bane.

To you, we give our best;  
To you, will we attend,  
With love and zeal and zest,  
With honor to the end.

These little lives we live,  
These little deeds we do;  
Them, will we gladly give,  
Them, and our all, to you.

## PREINCARNATION

EREWILE, when on some gladder sphere  
You laughed your little span away,  
Not mindful to be weeping here,  
    As you are weeping here today;  
Did, once, you pause, the while you joyed,  
    To ponder on a day to be,  
Which time, perchance, would be employed  
    In Paradisal jubilee?  
Did you desire a higher place,  
    Than that whereon you sang and played;  
Did, once, you crave a braver grace,  
    Than that with which you were arrayed?  
Did you not, rather, realize  
That you were then in Paradise?



## ESCAPE

OH, come with me  
Where we can be  
Elate and free  
Alone.

Where we can lie  
Beneath the sky  
And sing or sigh  
Alone.

Far from the crass,  
The moneyed mass,  
Just lad and lass  
Alone.

Oh, lets away  
This golden day  
To dream and play  
Alone.

## CORONA CRUCIS

OUT of the warmth and the light,  
Out of the bright of the day,  
Into the black of the night,  
Into the wrack of the fray.

Called from the comforts of home,  
Led from a leisurely life,  
Unto the beat of the drum,  
Into the heat of the strife.

Theirs not to grieve or to whine,  
Theirs not to fever with fears;  
Theirs is the duty divine,  
Old as the song of the spheres.

Certain that God is above,  
And seeing it, His mandate  
To work His will is enough—  
The rest is the task of fate.

Why should they quibble or care?  
What should they query to know?  
Theirs is to do and to dare,  
Theirs to deliver the blow!

Honor and love are at stake,  
Freedom and all that is good;  
What matter Moloch should slake  
His fiery thirst with their blood?

Some one must suffer and bleed,  
Some one must travail and chafe,  
That the enthralled may be freed,  
And that the freed may be safe.

Does not Prometheus chained,  
Does not the passion of Christ  
Argue, the good that is gained  
More than the blood sacrificed?

Petty the pleasures foregone,  
Petty the labor, the loss;  
Matched with the gain of His throne,  
Matched with the crown of His cross.

Out of the black of the night,  
Out of the wrack of the fray,  
Into the warmth of His light,  
Into the bright of His day.

## BEATA MEMORIA

THOUGH long, indeed, since I beheld thee last,  
Yet, surely, brief doth seem the space what time  
Thy beautific presence first was cast  
Upon my soul—O memory sublime!  
No sight, not even that of chaste Diane,  
Which so delighted poor Acteon's eyes,  
Has, may I venture, visited a man  
With such a very glimpse of Paradise.

Young Dante, once, did pace a rivered street  
Whereon full many mortal maidens dwelt,  
And chancing there an angel-maid to meet,  
Perhaps, some whit the same he may have felt;  
But, lo! in what white song did he profess  
His love, and his dear lady's loveliness!

,

## SEEKERS

**I**T is not much we ask,  
We seeking ones;  
It is not over much,  
O, great, good God,  
Not over much.

We do not plead for place,  
Nor fame, nor friends;  
We do not Earth aspire,  
O, great, good God,  
Not earth aspire.

We do not wish for wealth,  
Nor health, nor strength,  
Nor is it love we seek,  
O, great, good God,  
Nor love we seek.

We have but one desire,  
In this, Thy world,  
And that—To Find Our Work,  
O, great, good God,  
To Find Our Work!

## WANDERERS

CHEERY wanders are we,  
Happy wastrels roaming free,  
Laughing, loving, roving clan,  
Fearing neither God nor man—  
Cheery wanderers are we.

Cheery wanderers are we,  
Happy wastrels roaming free,  
God nor man, ay, nothing loth,  
Neither fearing, loving both—  
Cheery wanderers are we.

## HARLEQUIN DISPOSES

### A BIT OF PANTOMIMIC EXTRAVAGANCE

**I**T is a pleasance quick with flowers,  
A spot where lovers should delight  
To while away the moonlit hours,  
Hid out of sight;

And Columbine is humming low  
To Harlequin, with happy face,  
And Pantaloon and pale Pierrot  
Move on apace.

What time they wither out of view,  
Harlequin, the wicked knave,  
Makes haste, as knaves are wont to do,  
To misbehave.

And Columbine though seeming charmed,  
And captured by his pretty speech,  
Yet very soon is so alarmed,  
As to beseech:

Harlequin, Harlequin,  
That he had used her wrong,  
Imp of hell, child of sin!  
Careful, now, or I shall tell

Who you are, and where you dwell,  
To papa Pantaloon.  
Don't you know it not aright,  
Thus to play away the night,  
When so very, very bright,  
Beams the Moon?

Yet Harlequin gives little heed,  
But laughs and chaffs with such acclaim,  
He forces her the more to plead  
Her fear of shame.

Harlequin, Harlequin,  
Quiet, please! What a din!  
Can't you give me any peace?  
Goodness gracious, how you tease!  
Cease, release me, do you hear?  
Or, I shall be quite severe,  
Silly, bolden, bad buffoon!  
Even though I love you, Oh!  
'Tis very wrong to hold me so,  
For yonder yet parade Pierrot  
And papa Pantaloon.

And then, as though he did repent  
That he had used her wrong,  
He sued her grace and gave him vent,  
Unto this song:



Fair one, rare one, fly with me,  
Come and skim the sky with me,  
And I'll bring you, wing you far,  
To that rarer, fairer star,  
Where the Sprites and Faeries are,  
Where the Pixies croon.  
I will bring you, bear you there,  
Wafted on the wingéd air,  
Wafted, draughted, higher, higher,  
Skying, flying, we'll aspire,  
Satisfying our desire,  
Ever higher, higher, higher,  
Till at last we do expire—  
Till at last we swoon,  
On the Moon!

And now with manner nervous, tense,  
As one bewitched with wine,  
As one bereft of will or sense,  
Sang Columbine:—

To the Moon, Harlequin,  
To the yellow, mellow Moon,  
Where the Pixey creatures croon;  
Where the Sprites and Faeries sing  
In a ring  
In the air;

Where there's music everywhere,  
Very soft and very low;  
Where the dreams of Poets go;  
Where the songs of Singers blow;  
Where the liquid breezes flow,  
All atune;  
Where the breezes, songs and dreams,  
And the jingling of them seems,  
As they mingle and they rise,  
To make medley with the skies;  
Where the sight and scent and sound,  
So of Beauty all around,  
Makes you weep,  
Makes you sleep,  
As one would weep and sleep,  
In the lazy, hazy light,  
Of a lunar night in June;  
Is it so,  
Can we go  
To the Moon?

A fickle something fanned the trees;  
A Cuckoo clamored to his mate,  
And suddenly the tacit breeze  
Came articulate:—

Take her, Devil,  
Ere she `screams;  
Take her,  
Break her,  
Slake her thirst;  
Revel,  
Devil,  
Work your worst,  
Ere she wake her  
From her Dream.

## DESIDERIUM

NIGHT-LONG thy silver voice did sound itself  
to me

Adown the dim dream-vistas of the past,  
Foreshadowing a life too fair to be,  
Betokening a<sup>t</sup> love too rare to last;  
Oh, lithe, blithe wondrous one, Mistress of Mystery,  
How I do passion thee!

Sure, thou art that which is a blend of bliss and pain,  
A bond betwixt divinity and death,  
A truant sun-ray revelling in the rain,  
A wistful waft of heaven-scented breath,  
Which even felt is flown, and venturously vain  
To wish to win again.

Yet, were it not for thee and that clear call of thine,  
The which will ever trumpet my desire,  
I think, indeed, this thirsty soul of mine  
Should very soon of mortal voices tire;  
Their words are merely words, while thine are God's  
own wine,  
My Mystery divine!

## COMPLAINT

THE Daisy nodded her little head,  
The Lily laughed at me,  
And from where the red Rose lay abed  
Nigh yonder Hawthorn-Tree,  
She pouted mockingly.

Ah, Daisy! you with your pretty head,  
Ah, Lily! feat and free,  
And ah! thou Rosa! snuggled abed,  
Ah! happy Hawthorn-Tree,  
Will ye not pity me?

Since, heavy and heavy hangs my head,  
My limbs lag heavily,  
Since, oh! my Little Love lies dead  
By yonder Hawthorn-Tree,  
Ah, Pretties, pity me!

## OUR DREAM

WAS it a dream, that day of ours,  
Amid the wild-wood and the flowers,  
Was it a dream, a dream?  
Was it a dream, that mystic Isle,  
Whereon we played a little while  
Among the Faeries and the Elves,  
Forgetful of our stupid selves—  
Was it a dream, a dream?

Were you a dream, Elaine or Eve?  
Were you a Princess Make-believe?  
Were you a dream, a dream—  
A visionary Faery-bride,  
Glad of the day your body died,  
Glad of the way your soul was born  
Upon that dim remembered morn—  
Were you a dream, a dream?

Or were you not, in very truth,  
A mortal maiden christened Truth,  
Yearning to dream, to dream?  
And was not I a mortal Clod,  
A creature fashioned of the sod,  
But yet, withal, desiring things  
Of which the planet Venus sings—  
Yearning to dream, to dream?

Well, even so, what matter now?  
Not Love himself could disavow  
    We had our dream, our dream!  
And verily, I do believe,  
You, who are Ruth, Elaine, or Eve,  
I do believe the Fates intend  
That, at the last, we twain shall blend  
    Into our Dream, our Dream.

## DICTUM

S AID one:—"Come now, what do you see in this?"  
(To Shelley's "Adonais" he referred)  
At once, I was not sure that I had heard  
Aright and bade him to say over his  
Complaint, lest I mistake its cognizance.  
"What do you see in this vague, tedious stuff,  
This sentimental rot?" It was enough  
To prove to me my quizzer's ignorance.

So I to him:—"My friend, one only sees,  
In such high poesy as this, his own  
High thoughts, the image of himself alone—  
The very semblance of the thing he is!  
'No **man**,'—the dictum goes,—'No man receives  
From Music, Art, or Song, save what he gives'."



## STIMULUS

**T**HANK God, no matter what occurs,  
There has been given to me  
A certain fortitude which spurs  
My soul to victory!

A certain faith, it well may be,  
A certain conscious pride  
In final immortality,  
Which will not be denied.

Let chance what may, it argues not;  
No blow however real  
Can swerve my spirit's course one jot,  
In quest of its Ideal!

## OLD SONG

"HOW THE OLD SONGS HAUNT US."

SAY, how shall I be blithe and glad,  
Say, how shall I be cheery!  
Oh, how shall I be aught but sad  
Since I have lost my dearie,  
Since I have my dearie!

The night is all around me now,  
The chilly winds are wailing,  
The birds have flown the sleety bough,  
And all the flow'rs are failing,  
And all the flow'rs are failing.

But still I think, when think I do  
For many an hour grieving,  
How fain she seemed and happy too,  
How happy to be leaving,  
Ay, happy to be leaving.

It's not her loss that grieves me so,  
It's not her going thither,  
It's, just, that when she had to go  
She did not take me with her,  
She did not take me with her!

## THE DREAMER

THE Dreamer dreams his span away  
In wonder and delight,  
The Dreamer dreams his span away  
In all the World's despite.

For he is one who ventures far  
With never flagging zest,  
For he is one who ventures far  
Upon a knightly quest.

He visions him a kingly thing,  
The figment of his Dream,  
He visions him a kingly thing  
Which he believes supreme.

The very same which is withheld  
No matter how we strive,  
The very same which is withheld  
The while we are alive.

Yet will these ever venture this  
With glory in their eyes,  
Yet will these ever venture this  
And scorn a meaner prize.

Thus when at length they come to die  
    They waken out of sleep.  
Thus when at length they come to die  
    The World will never weep.

Because the World can never know  
    What reveries were theirs,  
Because the World can never know  
    How they are Heaven's heirs.

In such a pattern dreams are schemed  
    Though seeming fugitive,  
In such a pattern dreams are schemed  
    That shall forever live.

So not for naught the Dreamer dreams  
    His weary Night away,  
So not for naught the Dreamer dreams  
    Against the Golden-Day!

## CAMEO

A PART, alone  
The Dreamer stood.  
A thing of wood,  
Of stone.

Still not of wood,  
Nor yet of stone,  
But flesh, and bone,  
And blood!

## ULTIMATUM

WHAT if I "fail"?  
Shall I bewail?

Shall I lament  
And so give vent  
To futile grief,  
A child's relief,  
A craven's whine?  
Shall these be mine?

Rather would I  
Forever try,  
Persist, pursue,  
Re-dare, re-do!

Why should I care?  
Shall I despair?  
Shall I give in  
To vapid grin,  
Or fawn the frown  
Of clerk and clown  
And every clout  
Who bloats about  
His great success  
In "biz-i-ness"?

Shall such a mob  
Move me to sob,  
Move me to sigh?  
Indeed, not I!

I rather think  
'Tis mine to wink,  
This chorus chaff  
Makes me to laugh,  
For I possess  
Much blessedness:  
The fire of youth,  
The flame of Truth,  
The light of life,  
A loving wife,  
A little love,  
And God above.

Let fools be sad  
Yet I'm right glad  
That God should deign  
To deal me pain.  
This instant, now,  
I pledge the vow  
That pain shall be

Supreme to me,  
Nor shall I wince  
Or whimper, since,  
I know the test  
Is for the best.

So use Thy rod  
Good Master, God!



## A YOUTHFUL POET PRAYS

**L**ORD Christ, Thou Master of poets,  
Thou vast and sublimest Bard,  
Wilt please to succor a poet,  
And of these the leastest, Lord!

Wilt please to succor a singer  
Who never a song has sung,  
Possessed of a poet's spirit  
But not of a poet's tongue!

A vexed and a silent spirit,  
Yet lighted with love within,  
Yet fighting with doubt and pity  
And passion, and so with sin.

A spirit lighted with visions  
Of a braver life to be,  
A spirit fighting with visions  
That never the eye can see.

A spirit lighted with visions  
Of a dreamy moonlit past,  
Of a streaming sunlit future,  
And the God-gleam at the last!

Yet never a sound to utter,  
    Yet never a word to write,  
But only a battered spirit,  
    A fighting soul in the night.

Lord Christ, Thou Master of poets,  
    Thou vast and sublimest Bard,  
Wilt please to succor a poet,  
    And of these the leastest, Lord!

SPRING, 1917

IN this, our world, today,  
Our dizzy war-warped world  
Where Freedom's flag is furled,  
And Honor fled away,

Should we not deem it well,  
And, mayhap, even best  
To give up dreams of rest,  
To bear our share of hell.

Should we not try to feel  
That War is but a purge,  
The forms of Love and Trust  
Some universal weal?

That from the charnel-house  
Of Murder, Hate and Lust,  
That forms of Love and Trust  
Shall quicken and arouse?

Should we not know that God  
Wills always what is best,  
That in Him there is rest  
For every bleeding clod;

That in Him there is love  
For all who are in woe,  
That who reaps not below,  
He, surely, reaps above;

That they who toil and sweat  
With no intent to shirk,  
Albeit War or Work,  
The God will not forget?

Then let us brave this night  
Which doth engulf our way,  
And let us learn to pray,  
And let us pray to fight!

## LUNECSTASY

I WANDER in the wan moon-light,  
And drink the air  
Through senses dizzy with delight  
Of draught so rare.

The dead grass shows a ghostly white  
Beneath the snow.  
Ah, might I merge into this night,  
I love it so!

No, never have I quivered quite  
In thus a way,  
Within the luteous, laving light  
Of any day.

My spirit totters like a tipsy sprite,  
For oh! the Moon,  
She sighs me from her starry height  
Of Heaven soon!

ROSSETTI'S "SONG OF THE BOWER"

"**W**HAT were my prize, could I enter thy bower,  
This day, tomorrow, at eve or at morn?  
Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower,  
Bosom then heaving that now lies forlorn;  
Kindled with love-breath (the sun's kiss is colder!),  
Thy sweetness all near me, so distant to-day;  
My hand round thy neck and thy hand on my  
shoulder,  
My mouth to thy mouth as the world melts  
away."

Ah! Painter-Poet, you've pictured a passion,  
Which every lover the world over knows;  
You've woven, in words of the fervidest fashion,  
A pleasure, a presence, the scent of the rose,  
The heat of a body, the beat of a bosom,  
The sweet of a fancy afar and away,  
The fever, the fire, the desire which enkindles  
The love of the lover forever and ay!

## MEA CULPA

SOMETIMES to salve my malady I think,  
Perhaps, that you meant not to be unkind;  
Perhaps, that it was I who spilt the ink  
Which blotted my poor person from your mind.  
Again I think, perhaps, that in my zest  
To have you understand this atom, me,  
> I may have said some idle words in jest,  
With which it was not meet that you agree.

But, Oh! I know, though this I may have done,  
I, also, know what deeds I dreamed to do;  
What deeds I gladly would, had I but won  
One little sympathetic word from you.  
The very all I visioned, at the end,  
Was, simply, that you'd let me be a friend.

## VALUES

I AM the Doer of Deeds;  
I am the Schemer of Schemes;  
I am the Sower of Seeds;  
I am the Dreamer of Dreams;  
I am the Blaze in the Blue;  
I am You.

You are the Creature of Clay;  
You are the palpitant Clod;  
You are the Thing of a Day;  
You are the Minion of God;  
You are a Sand in the Sea;  
You are Me.



## ALAN'S "RENDEZVOUS"

Occasioned by a re-reading of Alan Seeger's "I  
Have a Rendezvous with Death."

BROTHER, I have read your lines,  
And I have seen between  
That demi-light which only shines  
Where Deity has been.

Brother, I have understood,  
I think, the God in you,  
For, verily, it is a God  
Who gleams and glimpses through

These stanzas where you challenge Death,  
And bid him throw the main,  
And bide with eager, bated breath  
The moment of the slain.

Oh! you had knowledge, rare, indeed!  
How meagre is the soul  
That dares not in the hour of need  
Return to Him the whole;

Return to Him, from whom all is,  
That all which He has lent,  
Believing that the Will is His,  
And It the instrument.

Brother, there is something there  
In that fine pledge of yours,  
which seems a gemmy flame to flare,  
A beacon which endures.

So long as Honor does not fail,  
And Youth is hot and true,  
So very long will you prevail  
In your brave "Rendezvous."

## THE SENTINEL

STARS above and the night around;  
Below the dew and the dewy ground;  
Failing moon and never a sound.  
All is well  
With the Sentinel.

Hist, what's that? The cry of the loon.  
And that? The wood-dove's plaintive croon.  
How ominously scrawls the moon!  
All is well  
With the Sentinel.

A footstep stabs the trembling air.  
Halt! . . . Halt! . . . Who's there? Who's there?  
Brother, breathe a bit of a prayer!  
All's not well  
With the Sentinel.

Stars above and the night around,  
Below the dew and the dewy ground;  
A Soldier's Soul is homeward bound—  
All is well  
With the Sentinel.

## HYMN TO BEAUTY

WHERE Roses bloom and Daisies grow,  
And Valley-Lilies lie;  
Where Aeolus and Zephyr blow  
Their kisses to the sky;  
Where round about and to and fro  
Wee wingéd nothings fly;

Where little airy Faeries flit  
And scamper, as you please,  
Upon the grass, all over it,  
And in amongst the trees,  
And where the solemn seven sit  
Yclept the Pleiades;

Where Naiads drowse and Dryads dream  
And Faunus peeps at hand;  
Where deep in Oceanus' stream  
The naked Nereids stand;  
And, sudden, where a shafted gleam  
Shows Jove's august command;

Where Pheobus checks his fiery steeds  
That champ to taste the morn;  
Where Thetis sings, and Peleus pleads,  
And Triton winds his horn;  
Where Neptune shakes away the weeds  
His shaggy bulk was worn;

Where Aphrodite hides her heat  
    In some Olympian grove,  
And where the light-foot Muses' feet  
    Have led their limbs to rove,  
And where the very air is sweet  
    And redolent with Love;

Where blends the scent of Flora's breath  
    With Amphion's melodies;  
Where stream the dreams the Gods bequeath  
    Their favored votaries;  
Where Cupid leads in shackles, Death,  
    To where his Psyche is;

Where all is glad and glorious; where  
    Is Fancy's bright demesne,  
There, Everliving Beauty, there  
    Thou art, and aye have been—  
Than Fancy's very self more fair,  
    More gracious and serene.

Sure, Song is not, or naught but noise,  
    When it would rumor thee;  
When it would hint thy precious poise,  
    Or cry thy sovereignty;  
Oh, Beauty! may we never voice  
    Thine ancient witchery?

## PEACE

WHO wails for Peace?  
Not you, nor I.  
May Life be hot for us,  
Pard-like and swift and fired with faith  
That Life spells Strife;  
That not for us,  
Till Death  
Shall bring release,  
Is Peace!

Yea, Life spells Strife.  
Passion and Pride,  
Love and Desire and Dreams—  
May these things never be denied  
While yet there's breath!  
Oh! not I trust,  
Till Death,  
Shall Striving cease  
In Peace!

## A CHRISTMAS QUERY

**D**O you believe in Santa Claus?  
Do you really believe he's true?  
Of course, I believe in Santa Claus,  
Why certainly I do!

And I believe in the Bunny  
That comes on Easter Day,  
And the Stork that came last summer  
And brought my sister, May.

And I believe in the Fairies,  
In Puck and in Peter Pan,  
The Nixes, the Gnomes and the Brownies  
And even the Bogie-Man.

And the Wizzard of Oz and Aladdin,  
And the two little Babes-in-the-Woods,  
And Cinderella and Robin Goodfellow,  
And Little Red Riding Hood.

And Heaven and Angels and Christmas  
And baby Jesus, too—  
Of course I believe in Santa Claus,  
Of course I do! Don't you?

## SONGS OF THE NIGHTLINGS

OH, we wander in the gloaming, while the wiser  
ones are homing,

Oh, we wander and we wonder where we wend;  
And our eyes begin to glisten, as we stop a bit to  
listen

To the singing of the Nightlings now ascend.

Oh, the music of their chorus,  
How it seems above to soar us,  
How to waft and wing itself away, away—  
How it seems to sail above us,  
And to carol: Love us, love us,  
We are dearer than the Children of the Day.

Hear the busy little fellows, thridding, thridding on  
their cellos,

Hear them strumming, humming each his own  
refrain,

How the ground around is ringing, and our fancy  
flits a-winging

To a paradise of mingled bliss and pain.

Oh, the music of their chorus,  
How it seems above to soar us,  
How to stream and dream itself away, away—  
How it seems to drift above us,  
And to carol: Love us, love us,  
We are dearer than the Children of the Day.



## ORISON

**G**<sup>OD</sup>,  
Guide me to my work!  
Give me grace to seek it,  
Courage, lest I shirk,  
Strength, the which to speak it!

God,  
Give me deeds to do!  
Grant me days to do them,  
Long time to pursue,  
Never time to rue them!

## IMPROMPTU

**M**Y heart is so full of so many songs  
Which I would make for you,  
That to single one from out of the throngs  
Is more than I can do.

So take, if you will, this beggarly rhyme  
Of better things in lieu;  
And I'll sing, perhaps, in a Saga time  
A worthy song of you

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## POSSESSION

**B**ECAUSE of the dark I saw you not,  
Because of the dark, the night,  
You passed me by, and I saw you not,  
For lust of life did, verily, blot  
My sight.

Because of the noise I did not hear,  
Because of the noise, the din,  
You sang your song, and I did not hear,  
For that I had stuffed each stupid ear  
With sin.

Because of the drug I felt you not,  
Because of the drug, the drink,  
You touched my flesh, and I felt you not,  
For I had sunk as low as a sot  
Can sink.

Because of my soul I can't forget,  
Because of my soul divine,  
But oh! I know though and I can't forget,  
You'll never come back again, and yet—  
You're mine.

## RONDEL

**A**T taper-time I like to roam  
While other folks are snug at home,  
Beneath the heaven's starry dome.

And often, roaming thus, I feel  
Upon my lively senses steal  
The presence of the Great Ideal.

Because of this, it well may be,  
Wherefore I rather more than see  
Life's meaning and Love's mystery,  
At taper-time.

## BEAUTY ENCORE!

THOU—

Deem it, indeed,  
Thy very creed,  
Thy braver duty  
To honor Beauty!

For Beauty, Beauty quickens everywhere;  
She wantons in the sea, she reveals in the air;  
All life upon the earth  
Is big to give her birth;  
She merges lately born  
From out the lap of morn;  
Each swift succeeding hour  
Is totty with her power;  
What time the sun is low  
She gilds the after-glow;  
And when the shadows fall  
She dons her starry shawl;  
And should some darkling night  
Conceal her from the sight,  
Still sense of scent and sound  
Would bruit her all around.  
All life upon the earth  
Is big to give her birth  
And even death, the tomb,  
But warms her in it's womb,  
And waits the hour of pain

When she shall merge again  
And marvel all the eyes  
In some new fairer guise.  
In truth, ye are yet unawake, yet unaware  
For Beauty, Beauty quickens everywhere!

Thou—

Deem it, indeed,  
Thy very creed,  
Thy braver duty  
To honor Beauty!

## SOLICITATION

**I**N this day of sin and strife,  
In this hour of storm and stress,  
Ere I live my little life  
Lead me, Lord, to loveliness!

In this time of toil and tears,  
Ruin, dolour, and duress,  
Ere I yield me to the years  
Lead me, Lord, to loveliness!

Spirit, sense, and heart of me  
With Thy puissance, Lord, possess,  
Every petty part of me  
Lave it in Thy loveliness!

## QUANDARY

I AM puzzled, sore perplext,  
Very vext.  
Life and laughter, love and tears,  
All the doubts and all the fears  
Of my double-dozen years,  
Vex me not.

Needs and deeds I dream to do,  
Fancies I would fain pursue,  
Youth, desire, and Dearest, you  
Vex me not.  
I am puzzled, sore perplext,  
Very vext.



## SHAKESPEARE

**E**VEN as the mock-bird carols all his kind  
In song which seemeth to surpass their own,  
So now, do thou vast master-molded mind,  
Our very all of vanities intone.  
Atween thee and this tiny feathered thing  
There is, methink, a quick similitude,  
For that ye both are wont so well to sing—  
The bird, the man, in each his every mood.  
O Shakespeare! grandest fashioner of thought,  
How rare and human is thy poesy?  
With what deep gratitude of feeling, ought  
We try to render tribute fit to thee.  
Indeed, in this our splendid English tongue,  
Than thee no Saga singer yet has sung!

## MONOTONE

PAIN and pleasure, pleasure and pain,  
Over and over and over again,  
Such is the burden of Man's refrain,  
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,  
Forever paired as the god's ordain,  
And never a man can part the twain,  
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

In shack and palace, on peak and plain,  
In body and soul, in heart and brain,  
Though all else vanish do these remain,  
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,  
Such is the burden of Man's refrain,  
Over and over and over again,  
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

## RENUNCIATION

**I**T moves me not how mocks the mob,  
How takes the human stream,  
Yet, rather, would I drift than rob  
You of your Dream.

Because or this, I hesitate  
To do as I would do,  
And deem it best, perchance, to wait,  
And work with you.

But even though it be not best,  
There's respite in the thought  
That never bird has built a nest  
Which is for naught;

That each gold deed done here below  
Must very swift arise,  
And wing itself on winds that blow  
To golden skies!

## LYRIC

Trudging homeward of a March night, he is  
held entranced by the music which a brisk breeze  
twangs from the branches of the white frozen trees.

**I** SUDDEN stopped and listened long,  
And stood as one charm bound,  
For never had I heard such song  
Such sweet, sleet sound.

The March night bristled with a breeze  
That seemed to waft and wing,  
And wind amongst the glist'ning trees,  
And with them sing.

And, oh! the song it was so fleet  
It found the soul of me,  
And whispered secrets passing sweet  
Of Love to be!

## THE SPIRIT SPEAKS

PERHAPS, my lad, long time from now,  
If you will still to wait,  
The God may heed and hint you how  
To gain the gate.

Perhaps, my lad, in calmer years,  
If you have grown more wise,  
The God may brush away the tears  
That blind your eyes.

Perhaps, my lad, if you pursue  
And plod on through the night,  
The God may get to favor you  
And grant you light.

But now, my lad, go you and pray,  
And ever grace is gone,  
Give out: "Dear God, let chance what may.  
Thy will be done."

LABORARE EST ORARE

**L**ORD, I have bothered You enough  
With pleas and prayers and suchlike stuff;  
Hereafter, all I dare and do  
Shall constitute my prayer to You.

## RAIN-DROPS

WHEN it rains

What a feeling fills my breast!  
What a fancy, fitful feeling of unrest!  
What a drear desire of sorrow!  
What a dear dream of the morrow!  
What delusion do I borrow  
When it rains.

Tapping on the tin-roof,  
Rain.

Siping in the sin-heart,  
Rain.

Rain without and rain within,  
Heart of mine and roof of tin,  
Rain,  
Rain,  
Rain.

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AH! here you are at last, at last—  
My little longed-for book,  
All wrapped, and tied, and bundled fast,—  
And yet, I must not look,—

I must not rend, I must not tear  
Your paper dress away  
In such a place, in such a glare,  
At such a time of day.

I should, I know I should, postpone  
The moment of delight  
Until, at length, we are alone  
Within my “den” tonight.

I pause, I think, I hesitate,  
I can’t make up my mind;  
Perhaps, who knows, if I should wait  
I might be stricken blind.

Or worse, some dread calamity  
Might fall on you, perchance,  
And I should never, never see  
Your lovely countenance.

Ah! little book, your charm is such  
I know not what to do,  
For, lo! my apprehensive clutch  
Has rent and nudged you!



## FINIS

NOW one by one our days are going,  
And we with them alike unknowing  
Whither away the way is tending,  
Whether for weal or wail unending.

Still we trust that the body's burden  
Gains, in the end, a Godly guerdon;  
That every duty and self-denial  
Sustains the spirit in its trial;

That never a gift is rendered, ever,  
Which does not recompense the giver;  
That never a present-suffered sorrow  
But premises a joy tomorrow;

That every-goodly man is given  
A chance to suffer and be shriven;  
And that the body's brave endurance  
Shall win, at length, the soul's assurance.

Still one by one our days are going,  
And we alike with them unknowing  
Whither away the way is tending,  
Whether for weal or wail unending.

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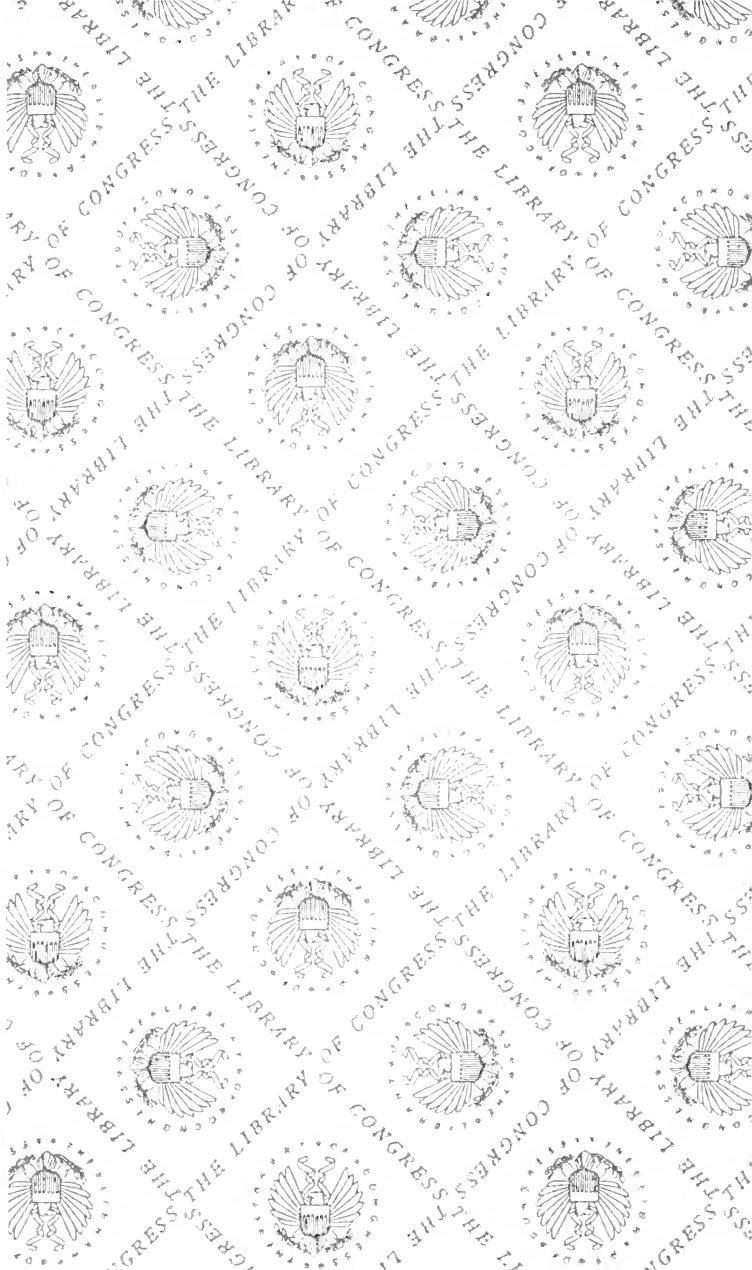














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